

SONNET LXXIV.



JEASE, over-tired *Muses ^f to complain ! In vain, thou pours out words! in vain, thy tears 1 In vain, thou writes thy verses ! all in vain! For to the rocks and wall, which never hears,, Thou speakes ! and sendes complaints, which find no grace! But why compare I thee to rocks, and walls ? Yes, thou descendes from stones and rocks, by race I But rocks will answer to the latter calls. Yea, rocks will speak each sentence's last word, And in each syllable of that word agree; But thou, nor last, nor first, wilt me afford! Hath Pride, or Nature, bred this fault in thee ? Nature and Pride have wrought in thee these evils: For women are, by Nature, proud as devils!

SONNET LXX V.



OVE is a name too lovely for the god!
He naked goes, red coloured in his skin,
And bare, all as a boy fit for a rod.
Hence into Afric ! There, seek out thy kin
Amongst the Moors! and swarthy men
of Ind !
Me, thou, of joys and sweet content hast
hindered !
Hast thou consumed me ! and art of my
kind ?
Hast thou enraged me! yet art of my
kindred? Nay, Ismarus, or Rhodopc thy
father!
Or craggy Caucasus, thy crabbed sire!
Vesuvius, else ? or was it Etna rather ?
For thou, how many dost consume with
fire !
Fierce tigers, wolves, and panthers gave
thee suck *I*
For lovely VENUS had not such evil luck!